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Poetical.

Trodden Flowers.

BY TENNYSON.

There are some hearts that, like the loving vine,
Cling to unkindly rocks and ruined towers,
Spirits that suffer and do not repine—
Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers,
That from the passer's heel arise,
And give back odorous breath, instead of sighs.

But there are other hearts that will not feel
The lowly love that haunts their eyes and ears;
That wound fond faith with anger worse than steel,
And out of pity's spring draw idle tears.
O, Nature! shall it ever be thy will
Ill things with good to mingle, good with ill?

Why should the heavy foot of sorrow press
The willing heart of uncomplaining love—
Meek charity that shrinks not from distress,
Gentleness, loath her tyrants to reprove?
Though virtue weep forever and lament,
Will one hard heart turn to her and relent?

Why should the reed be broken that will bend,
And they that dry the tears in others' eyes
Feel their own anguish swelling without end,
Their summer darkened with the smoke of sighs?
Sure, Love, to some fair Eden of his own
Will flee at last, and leave us here alone.

Love weepeth always—weepeth for the past,
For woes that are, for woes that may betide:
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?
Fate whispers sorrow, sorrow is your lot,
They would be rebels—love rebelleth not.

Tell me ye Winged Winds.

A PARODY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where bachelors come no more—
Some lone and pleasant dell
Where no moustache is seen—
Where long-eared dandies never come
Ourselves and fun between?
There came a murmur from the distant sea—
A low, sad tone, which whispered, "No sir-ee!"

Tell me, thou misty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary girls may find
A rest from soft dough-faces,
And hear themselves called women,
Not linked to the graces?
Soon did the misty deep the answer give,
By murmuring, "Not while brandy-smashes live!"

And thou, serenest moon,
What language dost thou utter,
While gazing on the gentleman,
Whose head is in the gutter?
Say, hast thou in thy round,
Gazed on some favored spot,
Where hats know not the weight of bricks,
And where cigars are not?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And in italics answered, "*No, no, no!*"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From fops and beaux and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where womankind are blest—
Where man may never come,
And where the girls may rest?
Faith, Truth and Hope—best boons to mortals given,
Waved their wing and answered, "Yes, *in Heaven!*"

Miscellaneous.

Ruse of a Fashionable Lady.

A western young lady writes home to a Detroit paper a gossipping account of her visits to Albany, New York, in the course of which she relates the following amusing story:

Among the scenes visited, she had been present at a private social dance near Albany, at which a Miss Vance, a talented, elegant girl of twenty was also a guest. This young lady had been noted for "leading the fashion" in that neighborhood, and, having come home in the last foreign steamer, her appearance was looked for—for it was calculated upon all hands that her wardrobe would display Parisian styles "a little later than the latest." About ten o'clock, the the lady in question entered the drawing room, and, as a matter of course, all eyes were turned upon her. She was attired in heavy "Pompadour" (a fashion of Louis XV time,) amply-skirted, falling in large fluted folds, and describing a circumference of some three yards around her pretty feet. The dress was low—to admiration—had hanging sleeves, open and slashed, with rich lace under-sleeves and chemise, a diamond stomacher, ear-rings and necklace, and profuse diamond ornaments. She flirted demurely with an immense painted fan, and occasionally dropped, for the amusement of danglers, a lace *mouchoir*. The dress was perfect and admirable, captivating even to the embroidered silks stockings and the diamond-buckled, red-heeled shoes. Curiosity was on tiptoe—the forms of polite society were almost broken through in eagerness to scrutinize, to examine, and inspect in detail what constituted, such a magnificent *tout ensemble*. The night wore on—still no word or look from the pretty fashion leader gave token that she was aware of the interest she excited. The pretty little diamond-buckled red-heeled shoe tripped merrily through waltz and schottische, quadrille and cotillion, but no sign of weariness—no signs of consciousness was manifest. The men were growing crazy with admiration—the women with envy, when all at once, in the whirl of the waltz, a diamond buckle flew off, and the little shoe spun glittering to a distant corner. A dozen emulous youths sprang for it; the foremost and most enterprising seized, and gazed abstractedly into its interior where the warm, pretty foot had so lately nestled, exclaiming: "Wendell, cordwainer, Albany, 1769." The gipsey had been figuring in the wedding gear of her defunct great grand-mother, and passing herself off the while, as the representative of "the newest French styles."

Annie Gray.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

She was a winsome girl; never was one more so. Her home was in the opening of a gorge in the mountain, where the ravine spreads into the valley, not very wide, watered by a stream that dashed wildly over the rocks a little farther up. The broad, low cottage of Widow Gray (as I will call her by your leave, although I need not say I use a fictitious name,) was concealed from view in the day time by a dense mass of trees and shrubbery, except one side, where the lawn sloped down to the bank of the creek. Here were usually moored two or three skiffs, which might easily be forced up the rapids quite into the mountain gorge, and which were often seen bearing Annie and her brother down the current, returning from some expedition among the hills.

Had you passed along the road which crossed the mouth of the ravine below the cottage, you would not have suspected that a house was in the thicket above you, unless it had been in the evening, and you saw the gleam of the light, and paused, as I often paused, to let your horse drink at the edge of the broad creek; and then perhaps, you might have heard a song floating out of the dark wood; and if you rode on till midnight, it would linger in your ears, and you would fancy you had heard a spirit.

The man must have had a hard heart that did not love Annie Gray. She was the impersonation of loveliness. I never could describe a face or form; I do not remember friends by their features, and I have not the remotest idea of the color of their eyes and hair, in nine cases out of ten. But I do remember her with distinct memory. She was tall; that is, rather above the medium height, and slender, but gracefully and beautifully shaped. Every motion was natural and unaffected, and her footstep was as light as her heart and that had not a heaviness. Sweet Annie Gray! The music of her laughter rings from out the lonesome years like the melodious carrol of a bird in the arches of a ruined temple! Her eye was dark, quick as sunshine in its changes, and full of unspoken poetry. You might read all manner of beautiful fancies and holy thoughts there.—But I linger too long on this description of her. Her brother was a fine fellow, a year or two years older than she, and one of the merriest boys in all the country. He loved his sister, too, as I have before remarked; love has a reflecting force which marks the lovely.

I am completely lost in a whirlwind of memories, now that I return to those days and scenes. There are a thousand incidents of my early life that are brought vividly before me the moment I recall the old cottage in the glen and its beloved inmates. How startling does the trite remark, that we live in a changing world, recur to our thoughts every day.

The very stars that we worship as changeless sometimes fall, and the eyes that we worship with more devotion than the stars, grow dim, and the hearts that we fancy are immutable change mournfully! There is nothing immutable but God. It is the attribute of Deity which includes all others, and to which mortals do homage because they cannot comprehend it.

A score of years has removed the cottage from the earth, and its inhabitants have separated here—have met again up yonder! One by one, their lips murmured prayers and hymns, and their white hands folded together; the friends of my younger days have passed away, and but few now remain of that company.

Annie Gray died thus: One glorious summer evening, when the moon was in its full, she and Ned had been strolling up the mountain side and coming down together, had reached the boat as twilight gathered around them. Loth to return from the forest, she bade Ned push the little skiff almost under the cataract, and held a mock conversation with it.

Returning from a day's shooting on the mountains, I saw her on the pedestal before I was seen, and throwing myself down on the ground, watched her with admiring eyes.—Undine herself was not more beautiful. She talked to the water as to an old familiar friend; and in truth, if there be sprites and ouphes, they must have loved her. Her voice was clearer than that of the stream, and when she laughed, as she at length did at some odd reply she imagined the fall to make, the old arches of the forest and the ravine gave back a musical echo, so that I started to my feet and listened to it as to the voice of fairies indeed.

But a cry of half terror and half laughter startled me, and, springing down the bank, I saw her a single instant as she disappeared in the water. Her footing had proved insecure, and she slipped from the rock into the stream she loved.

It was the work of an instant to spring out to her, and swim but a few strokes to the shore, and she was not a particle frightened by the occurrence. On the contrary, the woods rang with her uncontrollable laughter as soon as she was on the shore.

I walked in the same forest two years ago, and heard again the music of that ringing laughter through the long halls of time, made scarcely more melodious by its passage through the corridors of years.

Placing her in the boat, and taking the oars from Ned, I soon delivered them safely at the cottage, and bade them good night.—The next day Annie had a raging fever, and was delirious for ten days; I saw her several times, but she did not recognize me, albeit I was a near relative, and had known her from birth. There was one voice that she recognized, and one that she looked up to with longing love. It was the face of Phil R——, who had won her pure young heart. But I will not intrude on the sacred memory of that love which is the property of but few now living. Phil is dead too. On the tenth day of sickness she slept heavily, and awoke in her right mind. But alas! for the dear ones around her, it was but too evident she was near to Heaven. Her eye was clear and full of joy, as if she had been, as no doubt she had, with the angels.

Old Mr. Thompson, the clergyman who baptized us all, and had buried our fathers, and had loved us faithfully since the days of our first lisping, stood by her bed, and she smiled joyfully as she saw him.

"Ah, Mr. Thompson, I used to wonder whether I should die with you all around me, and thus is exactly as I wished it. It seems strange, too, that I am dying. I don't exactly believe it. Phil, am I dying?"

"God forbid, Annie."

"Ah! that tone, Phil! You mean to say God alone can save me, for all hope of man is gone. Don't grieve, though—don't grieve. Why, it isn't hard to die. I love the dear earth well enough to stay here—and the flowers and birds, and the brooks, and the old seat down by the bank of the stream; but I don't feel so very sorrowful to leave them as I used to think I would. And I do love mother, and Ned, and Mr. Thompson, and—and—and you, Phil!"

And her voice, which had been low but cheerful, suddenly trembled, and she was silent.

At length she continued in a tone of cheerfulness: "Phil, go sometimes and sit on the old seat down there by the stream, and put your arm along the back of it, and look up; and if you don't feel my kiss, it will be because angels' kisses can't be felt; for if God will let me, I'll come there and take the seat which I have so often sat in, and lay my head on your shoulder. Mr. Thompson, I'm going to Heaven at last in advance of you, I started a long way behind, but I shall be there first after all."

The good old man, to whom this part of the sentence was addressed, sobbed aloud; but at length recovering composure, he knelt at the side of her bed, and his long white locks fell over the counterpane as he commenced a prayer of earnestness. I stood still at the foot of the bed, and watched the face of our angel girl.

As he spoke of Heaven, her eye lighted; and as he begged of God to spare her to us yet a little longer, I saw her hand steal along until it reached Phil's head, and her tiny fingers were among his thick locks of hair, and the next moment her hand was in his, and he rose, and, sitting by her side, gazed into her face with unutterble love; and as the sublime words of hope escaped the lips of the clergyman, I saw her move, as if to say, "Kiss me, Phil;" and he stooped down to her, and, with her arms around his neck, and that last loving kiss upon her lips, she went forth by the unknown path that all must tread.

Strong in her simple faith, and leaning confidently on her Saviour, she, who was the fairest of our children here, has long ago become, I cannot doubt, one of the fairest of God's children there.

Peace be with her! On her grave violets bloom; and I have seen children, who have wandered over the hills in search of flowers all day long in vain, refuse to pluck those which bloomed holily over all that was earthly of Annie Gray.

Peace be with her! In that sunny land, whereof I dream in summer Sabbath morning dreams, I trust one day to meet her. There the voice that was low and plaintive as the night wind here has renewed its tones in thrilling melody. There the sound of the sorrowful discord is hushed; for, as she left us, those sounds died away, faintly, scarce heard, then gone forever; and she did not hear them when she came back, as she did at times, to keep the tryst with Phil. She heard, then, no sounds but the beating of his heart.

One summer morning, ten years afterwards, she called him suddenly, and his spirit sprang forth at the call. The bonds of earth were broken. No one knew whereof he died.

A Candid Mind.

Nothing sheds so fine a light upon the human mind as candor. It was called whiteness by the ancients, for its purity; and it has always won the esteem due to the most admirable of the virtues. However sought for or practiced, all felt the power and charm of its influence. The man whose opinions make the deepest mark upon his fellow men, whose influence is the most lasting and efficient, whose friendship is instinctively sought where all others have proven faithless, is not the man of brilliant parts, or flattering tongue, or splendid genius, or commanding power; but he whose lucid candor and ingenuous truth transmit the heart's real feelings pure and without refraction. There are other qualities which are more showy, and other traits which have a higher place in the world's code of honor but none wear better, or gather less tarnish by use, or claim a deep homage in that silent reverence which the mind must pay to truth.—*Moralist.*

☞No courtier could have paid a more delicate compliment than the following, from one whose calling does not lie particularly in that way: At a market, a lady laying her hand upon a joint of veal, said, "I think, Mr. Smith, this is not as white as usual." "Put on your glove, ma'am, and you will think differently."

Battle of Stony Point.

Wednesday the 15th ult., was the anniversary of one of the boldest and most effectual military enterprises of the American revolutionary struggle, which was successfully accomplished seventy eight years ago—the capture of the British fortress at Stony Point, on the west bank of the Hudson river. The New York *News* says, the garrison of the place consisted of more than 600 regulars, and it was heavily armed and completely provisioned and stored. Its defensive preparations were formidable. The attack was undertaken by General Anthony Wayne, and carried out with the characteristic determination, impetuosity and good fortune of that noble old patriotic chief. With a well equipped body of continental troops, "Mad Anthony" arrived at midnight within sight of the British works, and, at the distance of a mile from the Point, divided his men into two columns, putting himself at the head of one. The charge was ordered drawn from every musket, and with fixed bayonets and resolute step, the American troops advanced rapidly toward the frowning walls.—A deep ditch was crossed with a dash and a shot, and although the heavy cannon of the fortress opened upon the advance with a terrible and unrelenting fire, mowing down with grapeshot the foremost ranks of the assailants, yet their columns wavered not for an instant. The revolutionary bayonets swept down the gunners at their guns; the entrances of the fort were forced, the walls scaled, the enemy scattered, and the two American detachments met in the centre of the enemy's works, victorious without firing a gun. The echoes of the rocky hills along the Hudson reverberated back the three mighty cheers of triumph with which the victors welcomed the raising of the American flag upon the staff whence the bloody cross of England had just descended. Every man of the British garrison was killed or captured. Such is the historical outline of the taking of Stony Point; but popular tradition in the neighborhood supplies, to this day, many most interesting addenda to the antiquarian. It is related, for instance, that a secret passage to the works had been discovered by a negro girl, who had been accustomed to pick strawberries on the green slope of the fortification; and that she led the American general to this entrance, into which at the head of a chosen band, he rushed, far in advance of his own troops, and cleaved down with his own good sword the foremost of the startled defenders. Doubtless the American forces had ample information as to the works and strength of the garrison, from the liberty loving population of the surrounding country, who looked upon the red-coated enemy with apprehension and sullen hatred. No section of the colony of New York was more enthusiastically and unanimously patriotic than the counties lying west of the Hudson river. The preponderating Dutch element that never loved the British rule, and General Gage certainly had occasion for the remark which tradition attributes to him—"Wherever there is a Dutch man in these colonies there is a rebel!"

Power of the Human Eye.

George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers, declared that he could tame the most ferocious animal by looking at him steadily. Lord Spencer said: "Well, there is a mastiff in the court yard here, which is a terror to the neighborhood, will you try your power on him?" Pitt agreed to do so, and the company descended to the court yard. A servant held the mastiff by a chain. Pitt knelt down a short distance from the animal; they all shuddered. At a given signal the animal was let loose, and rushed furiously towards Pitt, then suddenly checked his pace, seemed confounded, and leaping over Pitt's head, ran away, and was not seen for many hours after. During one of my visits to Italy, while I was walking a little before my carriage on the road not far from Vienna, I perceived two huge dogs bounding towards me. I recollected what Pitt had done, and trembling from head to foot, I yet had resolution enough to stand still and eye them with a fixed look. They gradually relaxed their speed from a gallop to a trot, came up to me, stopped for a moment, and went back again.

How to Avoid being Personal.

Sheridan Knowles being advised by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton to read Gibbon's Decline and Fall, in order to get a plot for a new play he had engaged to write, went, in his usual impulsive manner, and immediately subscribed to Saunders & Otley's public library. Paying down his subscription for three months, he walked away. Being on the eve of going into the country, he did not take any books then, but on his return to London, nearly four months afterwards, he called, and asked for the work in question. The clerk looked over the names and said: "your subscription has expired, sir, I cannot let you have books until you have paid for another quarter in advance." The wrath of the Irish dramatist was roused, to be soundly rated the clerk, declaring that "Saunders & Otley were a couple of swindlers!" One of the partners, hearing this, came forward, and reproached Mr. Knowles for his personal insult. "Personal, my dear sir," said the wit, "not a bit of it—if you are Mr. Saunders, damn Mr. Otley—if you are Mr. Otley, damn Mr. Saunders—I would not be personal for the world!" The partner smiled at the felicitious retort, and put Mr. Knowles on the free list.

☞Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.

The Way Yankee Doodle got to Europe.

Mr. Winthrop, in his beautiful and eloquent address, delivered recently in Boston at the opening of the grand musical festival, gave the following account of the manner in which "Yankee Doodle" was first *brought out* in Europe:

"I have heard the late John Quincy Adams—an intense lover of music himself, and whose comprehensive acquirements embraced a knowledge of this subject which would have been extraordinary in anybody else—tell a story which may serve as an illustration of the state of American music at that precise period. During the negotiation at Ghent of that treaty of peace to which I just alluded, a festival or banquet, or it may have been a ball, was about to take place, at which it was proposed to pay the customary musical compliment to all the sovereigns who were either present or represented on the occasion. The sovereign people of the United States—represented there, as you remember, by Mr. Adams himself, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay, Mr. Jonathan Russel, and Mr. Gallatin—were of course not to be overlooked; and the musical conductor, or band master, called upon these commissioners to furnish him with our national air. 'Our national air,' said they, 'is Yankee Doodle. 'Yankee Doodle,' said the conductor, 'what is that? Where shall I find it? By whom was it composed? Can you supply me with the score?' The perplexity of the commissioners may be better conceived than described. They were at their wit's ends. They had never imagined that they should have *scores* of this sort to settle, and each turned to the other in despair. At last they bethought them, in a happy moment, that there was a colored servant of Mr. Clay, who, like so many of his race, was a first-rate whistler, and who was certain to know Yankee Doodle by heart. He was forthwith sent for accordingly, and the problem was solved without further delay. The band master jotted down the air as the colored boy whistled it, and before night (said Mr. Adams) Yankee Doodle was set to so many parts that you would hardly have known it; and it came out the next day in all the pride, pomp and circumstance of viol and hautboy, of drum, trumpet and cymbal, to the edification of the allied sovereigns of Europe and to the glorification of the united sovereigns of America."

Mr. Winthrop continued—

"I would not disparage Yankee Doodle my friends. It has associations which must always render its simple and homely melody dearer to the hearts of the American people than the most elaborate composition of ancient or modern science. Should our free institutions ever again be in danger, whether from 'domestic malice or foreign levy' that will still be the tune to which American patriotism will keep step. We must always preserve it and never be ashamed of it; tho' I do venture to hope that a day may come when, like England and Austria and Russia—to name no other lands—we may have something fit to be entitled a national *Anthem*, which shall combine an acknowledgment of God with the glorious memories of wise and brave men; which shall blend the emotions of piety and patriotism, uniting in sweet accord the praises of the Divine Author of our freedom and independence with those of his chosen and commissioned human instruments, in a strain worthy to commemorate the progress of our country."

Discipline of the Mind.

It is not by mere study, by the mere accumulation of knowledge, that you can hope for eminence. Mental discipline, the exercise of the faculties of the mind, the strengthening of the memory, the forming of a sound rapid and discriminating judgment, are of even more importance than the store of learning. Practice the economy of time. Consider time, like the faculties of your mind, a precious estate; that every moment of it well applied is put out to an exorbitant interest. The zest of amusement itself, and the successful result of application, depend in a great measure upon the economy of time.—Estimate also the force of habit. Excercise a constant and unremitting vigilance of the acquirement of habit, in matters that are apparently of entire indifference—that perhaps are really so, independent of habits which they engender. It is by neglect of such trifles that bad habits are acquired, and that the mind, by total negligence and procrastination in matters of small account but frequent occurrence—matters of which the world takes no notice—becomes accustomed to the same defects in matters of higher importance.—*Sir Robert Peel.*

A Beautiful Idea.

Away among the Alleghenies there is a spring, so small that a single ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks a hundred villages and cities and many a cultivated farm, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, until it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the greatest tributaries of the ocean which, obedient only to God, shall roar on, roar till the angel, with one foot upon the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—an ocean boundless and fathomless as eternity.

A Strange Story.

Some years since an eccentric old genius, who for convenience we will call Barnes, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river, to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly sand, old Barnes, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found one morning upon going out early to his work, that the well had essentially caved in and was nearly full to the top. So having that desire which men have, of knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being yet astir, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdocks by the side of a board fence near the mouth of the well, having first left his hat and coat upon the windlass over the well. At length breakfast being ready, a boy was dispatched to call him to his meal; when lo! it was discovered that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm being given, and the family assembled, it was decided first to eat breakfast and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barns' self esteem a bit, but he waited patiently to hear what was to be said and see what was to be seen.

Presently all parties arrived and began "prospecting" the scene of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave it as his opinion that they had better fill up the hole and let Barnes remain: "for," said he, "he is now beyond the temptation of sin; and on the day of judgment it will make no difference whether he is five feet under ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that it would be a needless expense to his family or the town to disinter him, when he was so effectually buried, and therefore entirely coincided with the minister. His wife though that "as he had left his coat and hat, it would be hardly worth while to dig him out for the rest of the clothes;" and so it was settled to let him remain.

But old Barnes, who had no breakfast and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, laid quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape; then he quietly decamped to parts unknown. After remaining *incognito* for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared (hatless and coatless as he went) at the door of the farmer for whom he had agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him as to his mysterious re-appearance, &c. would convey but a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it all quietly, and at length informed them that on finding himself buried he waited for them to dig him out, until his patience was exhausted, when he set to work to dig himself out, and only the day before had succeeded; for his ideas being confused by the pressure of the earth at the time of his burial, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface, he come out in the town of *Helden, six miles east of the Penobscot river!*

No further explanations were sought for by those who were so distressed and sorrowful over his supposed final resting place.—*Bangor Jeffersonian.*

Podger's Idea of the Tariff.

We remember a story that was told about the people of a certain village, who assembled to see the first locomotive pass by on the rails. Not one of them had the slightest idea what sort of an animal it was, and they were busy with all sorts of conjectures. A smoking monster was seen in the distance with an unaccountable long tail behind it.—Nobody supposed this is to be the traveling invention, and, as it approached, the good people were confounded and desperately puzzled. Fortunately, there was a "John Podgers" in the village, and he was called to explain it. John wiped his glasses, and looked over his nose with a profound, all knowing gaze. After due observation, "Oh!" said he, "Yes; that's it at last, gentlemen; that's the thing that has kept the Congress of the United States in such a squabble for the last three months. That is *the tariff.*—*N. Y. Post.*

Grin and Bear it.

The Boston *Post* is responsible for the following: A hopeful youth, who was the owner of a young bull terrier, was one day training the animal in the art of being ferocious; and wanting some animated object to set the dog upon, his daddy, after some considerable persuasion, consented to get down upon all fours and make fight with Mr. Bull. Young America began to urge on the pup—"sis terb y, seize him," &c.; at last the dog "made a dip" and good got a good hold on the old man's proboscis, and get the dog off he couldn't. So he began to cry out with the pain caused by the fangs of the dog. "Grin and bear it, old man!" shouted the young scapegrace! "Grin and bear it—*'twill be the makin' of the pup!*"

Noble Sentiments.

Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the judge of all.—*John Wesley.*

Mino, the Talking Bird of Java.

The Boston *Traveler* gives an interesting account of a beautiful talking bird, the Java Mino, now domesticated in that city, and the delight of all the inhabitants. He has a fine tenor voice, and shows most remarkable intelligence.

We have seen several persons looking admiringly at him and have heard him say in the most distinct manner, after he had gazed intently apparently listening to the conversation, "My name is Mino." After waiting some time, as if he expected a compliment to be bestowed upon him, he has raised his beautiful head and proudly said: "Mino is a pretty bird." If no person offers any praise, he jumps about his large cage a few times, turns his back to the astonished spectators and indignantly and emphatically says, in a sharp tone: "Go away!" He then gives a loud and hearty guffaw; exactly like the "ha, ha, ha!" of a human being!

Of course, every person laughs at the droll bird, and the droll bird laughs again and says: "Good morning." When he sees his admirers disperse, he tells them in the plainest language to shut the door. If he is asked his name in an affectionate manner, he will answer: "My name is Mino. How do you do?" When he hears several persons conversing earnestly together, without taking any notice of him, he exclaims: "What are you talking for?" The words are so suddenly spoken and the sound so closely resembles a human voice, that one is really inclined to reply that "it is none of your business." But Mino is polite, well educated and very amusing, although he is vain and fond of flattery.

It would seem that Mino's vernacular is Malay, and, unfortunately, in the modern Athens, there is no one who can hold extended conversation with him. They should get an instructor. It is said to be the only bird in the world that talks from the lungs, and perfectly imitates the human voice.

The *Traveler* gives the following personal description of this remarkable foreign resident of that city:

He is about the size of the American crow black bird, although a little heavier. His length, from the tip of his bill to the end of the tail feathers, is about twelve inches in length. His plumage is remarkably beautiful, when it glistens in the rays of the sun.—It is a very rich variegated purple and green, the wings are nearly black, with white bars near the ends. The feathers on the head are very short, fine and thick, and resemble the richest gloss of dark velvet. He has a long and beautiful lappel of bright yellow extending from each side of the back of the head to the nape of his neck; there is also a small yellow oblong mark on each side of his head. His legs and claws are yellow.—His tongue is long, pointed at the end, broad in the throat and flat, thus differing from that of the parrot, which is round, short, and somewhat curved.

An Editor on his Travels.

One of our brother editors has been traveling recently, and relates in a late number of his paper, how a barber made a "dead head" of him:

"While on board a steamer the fuzz grew rather longer than was agreeable, and we repaired to the barber shop to have it taken off: The fellow did it up in first rate style, and we pulled out a dime and proferred it to him as a reward for his services. He drew himself up with considerable pomposity, and said:

"'I understan' dat you is a editor!'

"'Well, what of it,' said we.

"'We nebber charge editors nuffin.'

"'But, my woolly friend,' we continued 'there are a great many editors traveling these days, and such liberality on your part will be ruinous to your business.'

"'Oh, nebber mind,' replied the barber, 'we make it up off de gemmen!'"

A Lucid Narrative.

Now, den Mike Fluffy, I's gwine to tell you 'bout all ob dat scrape. Fustly, I axed Becky Mariar Samantha Jane Fremont, ef she'd become bones ob my flesh an' flesh ob my bones. Arter dreckly she sed yeth. So we went up to de parsnip's house, an' I tole de parsnip dat I wanted him to tie de kinuborus knot. Den de parsnip tole us to stan' up afore we sot down. So we stood up, an' den he ses to me: "Will you take dis woman for your lawful wedded wife, for better or wuss?" I tole him I guess I'd better 'sider 'bout dat. At lest I, ses. "I guess I'll go it." Den he axed Becky Mariar Samantha Jane ef she would take me for better or for wuss. She ses, "Yes, sir-e-e!" So I gum de parsnip a half dollar, an' started hum with my bridle on my arm.

Anecdote of Talleyrand.

Napoleon once said, rather irrelevantly, of his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, "Francis is an old granny." Some friends repeated the remark to Maria Louisa. The Empress sought an explanation from Talleyrand.

"Monsieur Talleyrand, what does that mean—an old granny?"

The cunning diplomatist, more polite than conscientious, answered, with his mysterious air:

"It means, madame, it means a venerable sage."

☞A farmer was once asked what interference he could draw from the text in Job "And the wild asses snuffed up the wind." "Well," replied he, "the only inference the I could draw is this, that it would be a long time before they could grow fat on it."